

# Alan Parson Project, The, Too Close To The Sun

Alan Parson Project, The  
On Air  
Too Close To The Sun  
(parsons, bairnson, elliott)

There must be a thousand ways  
Holding us within this maze  
Every path we take leads us astray  
Comfort me my only son  
Till the day my work is done  
There's no earthly reason we should stay

And when the wind gets under these wings  
You will feel what freedom brings  
Stay right by me, walk don't run  
I don't want you flying too close to the sun

Turn your eyes towards the light  
Steal away in silent flight  
The skies are calling out to you and me  
Over sea and over land  
God protect us with your hand  
Bring us safely to our destiny

And now the wind is under our wings  
We can taste what freedom brings  
Stay right by me, walk don't run  
I don't want you flying too close to the sun

God forgive his fall from grace  
The sea conceals his resting place  
Can we learn to stay behind the line  
If we have the means to fly  
Some of us will surely die  
Being reckless was his only crime

And now the wind is under our wings  
We can taste what freedom brings  
Stay right by me, walk don't run  
I don't want you flying too close to the sun

Vocal niel lockwood  
Guitars ian bairnson  
Drums stuart elliott  
Bass john giblin  
Keyboards gary sanctuary, richard cottle and alan parsons  
Saxophone richard cottle